

POETRY.

WHAT IS WOMAN.

What is woman! Man's sweet angel! Gentle, tender, calm, and kind— Ever loving, ever faithful, Is her soft and soothing mind; A beauteous flower, born to blossom, Giving gladness to the eye; Half-designed for man's fond bosom, Half a creature of the sky!

What is woman! Ask her sorrow, Know how deeply she can feel, But when hope her heart would borrow, Mark what joy she can reveal; O'er her cheek each pure emotion Of her soul is seen to fly, As fair clouds with chaste devotion Fleet o'er Luna's face on high.

What is woman! All forbearing, Patient, prudent, seeming gay— Though sad inward, thoughts are wearing, All unspoken, life away. Thus she is a flower's sweet blossom, Giving Gladness to the eye; Half-designed for man's fond bosom, Half a creature of the sky!

LOVE IS NOT A GARDEN FLOWER.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

Ah! Love is not a garden flower, That shoots from out the cultur'd earth, That needs the sunbeam and the shower Before it wakens into birth; It owns a richer soil and seed, And woman's heart supplies them both— Where it will spring, without a weed, Consummate in its growth.

These leaves will perish when away From either genial sun or shower, Not so will wither and decay Celestial Love's perennial flower. 'Tis our companions countless smiles, Through weal or wo, in after years. And though it flourishes in smiles, It blooms as fresh in tears.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE KEOWEE COURIER.

A Sketch of a Ride.

The following description and brief-mention of scenery and localities is no fancy sketch, but the realizations of one, who has visited the site of that ancient station of the British, called Fort George, or otherwise Fort Prince George. It may not be generally known, that this place is only some six or seven miles above Pickens Court House, and that this stronghold of the mother country was made the basis of operations against the French and their red allies, when our own Marion under Colonel Grant penetrated the vast wilderness, with which this region then abounded, and assisted in punishing the murderous Cherokees. The indulgent reader is referred to the life of Marion by Simms, or that by Weems.

To proceed, I shall perhaps, never forget the day and the particular time of our departure. (I say our, because I went with a friend.) The dazzling luminary of day had passed his meridian glory, and was fast sinking to his watery couch in the great western ocean, ere we set out on our excursion. The evening was as clear as the untroubled brow of childhood, "calm as the fields of Heaven," and bright as the day-dreams of the youthful poet! Right musically and joyously did the lucid tide of Keowee tinkle o'er sanded ledge and rounded pebble, as we drove across the romantic bridge, which spans that most beautiful and lovely of streams near the village of Pickens. The gnarled oaks and shelly rocks seemed bending in charmed admiration over the fair face of the haunted rivulet, whilst along its meandering borders, the "still vale" and the graceful hill reposed in the elysium of its presence! Having passed this entrancing locale of Nature, the way presented nought but trees, hills, and mossed rocks, until we had reached the eleemosynary institution of the District. The Situation of this establishment is a beautiful and undulating plain. It is here the children of misfortune may find an asylum from the beating storms of penury and want. The next point of attraction is a narrow defile called "gap-hill," where even anterior to the American Revolution, the roar of battle broke the deep solitude of the primeval wilderness. One sees the ominous rocks and trees upon the frowning heights and shudders to think of that "storm of death," which was once poured from them into the secluded pass;—and in the distance, the eye looks on the "dusky splendor" of the Mountains, seeming to rise from the lowly vale to kiss the blushing clouds, whilst around, a solemn death-like silence prevails reminding him, that, here died the brave, the noble and the generous, as well as the gay Frenchman and the wily savage. Then thinking of the gallant Englishman battling side by side with the provincials against the common foe, perhaps you, kind reader, would be forced to reiterate, as I did in my heart, those words of relenting affection: "England with all thy faults I love thee still." Alighting from the vehicle to walk thro' the defile and down the long slope of gap-hill, I felt that we were treading classic ground. From this point to the hospitable mansion of our friend, whit-

er we were journeying, the way presents scenery the most wild, beautiful, and picturesque. Along this stretch of highway, so rife with the thrilling memories of a by-gone age, Nature reveals her mysterious and magical beauty for the rapt contemplation of her votaries.

"The eve had crept westward, soft and pale— The sun-set poured its rosy flood, Slanting o'er wood and vale."

When, at length, we reached our destination and received the cordial greeting of our friend. Nothing in life could excel the unaffected kindness of the inmates at his house. The farm of our friend is an extensive and beautiful vale, thro' the midst of which flow the limpid waters of Keowee. But it is the historical associations connected with this locality which enchains the attention and incites to meditation. Here are tumuli, in all probability, the sepulcher of nations.— Here the embrasures of Fort Prince George once frowned with ordnance to the terror of the neighboring tribes of Indians. Here were once enacted scenes of stratagem, perfidy and cruelty. And here, "long, long ago," might be seen "the smokes" blue wreaths ascending with the breeze" from the wigwags of the old Keowee Town; where the fearless Cherokee wooed the chieftain's daughter," or invoked the aid of the battle-god, when dire war had broken down the altars of peace.

VIATOR.

PICKENSVILLE, S. C.

NOBILITY OF MECHANICS.

Toil on, sun burnt Mechanic. God has placed thee in thy lot perchance to guide the flying car that whirls us on from scene to scene, from friend to friend; bind down the warring wave of ocean, tempest tost; or chain the red artillery of heaven.

Toil on! Without thy power, earth, though her sands were one vast Pactolus of gold, would be a waste of tinselled tears and glittering grief; and want, and wo, and splended misery, would gleam out from all her treasured mines. Rich soils would perish in the richness, and the fruits of the seasons changing, die ungathered from the harvest.

Toil on! Jehovah was a workman too. "In the beginning God created heaven and earth," and from the confused chaos sprang this perfect world—the perfect workmanship of the eternal, uncreated power. Up rose the mighty firmament; and back the sullen surges swept, submissive, tamed, each to their several bounds. And then he set great lights—the glorious sun to bless the day; and the timid moon to wear at night the mildest lustre of the radiant orb. He painted heaven with mingled blue and white; and in the vaulted arch a modest star peeps out, seeming by the majesty of sun and moon, like a stray lilly breathing in its lore of meek and blushing loveliness on the gay tints of opening bud and rich voluptuous blossom.

Wondering there dawned another, and a third, clustering, clinging to the spacious canopy, they read in the calm waters of the sea the story of their radiant loveliness. From thence assured they fear not sun nor moon, but faithfully distil their pen-sive light. Old ocean tossed her crescent spray, and from their hidden depths creatures of life came up and flew above the earth—winged fowls and flying fish; and the great whale, dark emperor of the sea.

And God created man! Six days he labored and the seventh he reposed; while from the sea, the earth, the air, and all that is, went up a chorus of ecstatic praise to God, the first, the eternal architect.

Toil on! Drink from the dew that heaven distils, fragrant flowers, the bursting buds, the blessed air, is untold wealth to the hard browned and bronzed mechanic. Rich coffers bring a snare, cancer and corrosion. God's wealth is yours, a wealth to which decaying gold is vanity and dross.—Miss Wentworth.

THE SOUTH PASS.

The Liberty (Mo.) Tribune says:—"Many of the way streams are so strongly impregnated with alkali that they dare not let their cattle drink. On the shores of many, the crust is formed an inch thick. They break up this crust, scrape off the dirt on the bottom and top, and find it pure saleratus. Strange as this may seem, it is nevertheless true, and the writer collected in a short time 75 lbs. A mountain of pure rock salt has been discovered near the Mormon settlement. The Mormons have discovered a gold mine 150 miles southwest from the Salt Lake. The last end of the journey to the Salt Lake, say 200 miles is attended with little fatigue. Nearly all the way the roads are as good as on any prairie in the West."

LADIES' FASHIONS.

Here is an ungallant paragraph from the Philadelphia City Item:

"At the imminent risk of being considered extremely ungallant, we will venture the bare faced assertion that we have never seen a greener set of ladies in our lives than are those of Philadelphia, under the influence of the Spring Fashions, Green—dark, medium, and light green—plain, changeable and fig-

ured green—pea, olive, and invisible green, apple, golden and grass green—indeed every hue of green has been drummed into the service of the fair—and such a green—such a thoroughly green set as they are! The world has never seen the like, since that silly old woman, Eve, devoured the green apple."

A STRAIT SUBJECT.—"Well, Captain," says a California adventurer to the owner of a craft up for California, "when do you sail?"

"On Tuesday," said the Captain.

"How do you go?" said the interrogator.

"Through the Straits," said the Captain; "shall I book you for the voyage?"

"I reckon not," said the man in search of gold. "I left home to get out of a strait, and am not voluntarily going into another."

BRITISH EAST INDIA.—The immensity of the British empire in India will recur to the mind with peculiar force at the present moment, when the disasters in the Punjab teach us—not, indeed, to expect the probability—but to consider the possibility of its decline and fall. As far back as 1832, it was estimated in official documents, that the three Presidencies of Bengal, Madras and Bombay, forming British India proper (so far, at least as the continent is concerned,) contained a population of 90 millions of souls; while in the subject or vassal—more delicately entitled, allied or protected—states, there were 40 millions more—and in the independent states (Scinde, Nepal, and the territories of Sindia and Runjeet Singh) 11 millions, making a grand total of 141 millions of slaves—for such they were—a whole race of men, an ancient one, the people of the rich, fertile and famous India, reduced to submission by a company of British merchants who aspire to the rule of monarchs, as well as the profits of trade—who would be merchant-tyrants rather than merchant-princes, and extort the taxes of groaning subjects rather than invite the profits of willing customers.

GREAT SEIZURE OF COUNTERFEITING APPARATUS.—In the vicinity of Blazing Star, New Jersey, Officers Brown and Leonard of New York made a most extensive seizure on the 1st instant, of an immense coining apparatus for coining counterfeit Mexican dollars and American quarter and half dollars. The apparatus was contained in 16 boxes. There is among it a powerful screw press; the lever used in operating with it is eight feet long, and has at each end a 32 pound cannon ball. The rest of the apparatus, seized consisted of a bed-plate, milling apparatus, crucibles, a large quantity of tools, chemicals, &c. and some boxes of counterfeit coin in a finished and unfinished state. The dies were not found, but the officers have impressions from them which exhibit the highest degree of perfection in their manufacture. The coin cannot be detected either by sound or weight from the genuine. The place where the counterfeiters carried on their operations was built by a man named Sweet and his accomplices, and was so constructed that it afforded abundance of light, and at the same time, the operators could not be seen or heard from without. One man started for California a month or two since, it is supposed with a large quantity of the counterfeit coin in his possession, intending, no doubt to speculate with it. The Government have dispatched an agent there to arrest him, but it is feared he will have disposed of a large amount of the coin before the officer arrives.

MAMMOTH MULES.—The Cincinnati papers speak of an exhibition there of two mules from Scott county, Kentucky, which are the largest ever seen in that city. One, a black mule, four years old, eighteen hands high; the other, the same age, a brown female, also eighteen hands high. The two were put on the scales together and found to weigh 3,000 pounds. The price demanded for them is \$200 each. Both raised by Mr. Thomas, in Scott county.

"WHAT I THINK OF CALIFORNIA."—The Journal of Commerce publishes an extract from a returned Californian, who says, in reply to the inquiry, "what he thinks of California."—"I think, and am confident, that the country about San Frisco will increase in wealth and importance, and 'go ahead' more rapidly than any other place of which we have any knowledge. It is a good agricultural country, and possesses a delightful climate. From its position and facilities in regard to commerce with the great East and West, it must, and that speedily, become a most important place. I believe a great destiny awaits it, and were I ten years younger, I should remove and settle there with my family. I speak of it independently of its precious metals, and rich minerals. They are inexhaustible. I was at the mines three different times, and knew what most of the people were doing, and I feel perfectly safe in saying, that a man by six hours washing and digging each day, can average sixteen dollars a day from the 1st of March to the last of July—this being the only part

of the year during which a person can labor at the mines with safety."

GOOD AND TRUE.

Dr. Franklin remarks: "That a man as often gets 2 dollars for the one he spends in informing his mind, as he does for a dollar he lays out in any other way. A man eats up a pound of sugar (or some other trifle) and it is gone, and the pleasure he enjoyed has ended; but the information he gets from a news paper is treasured to be enjoyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men, it is the wisdom of the age, and of past ages too. A family without a newspaper is always half an age behind the times in general information; besides they can never think much, nor find much to talk about. And then there are little ones growing up in ignorance without any taste for reading. Who, then, would be without a newspaper?"

DRILL HUSBANDRY.—It is a fact not generally alluded to, says a distinguished English cultivator, that a field with a southern aspect, if rich, should be drilled north and south; but if dry, and in want of shade, it should be drilled east and west. It is easy to see that, in the latter case, the crop would shade the land from the influence of the sun, and counteract the effect of drought.

TO PREVENT HORSES FROM RUBBING THE HAIR OFF THEIR TAILS.—Grease the reum, or fundament, with hog's lard or bacon; repeat it until the hair grows out again. The habit is caused, it is thought, by an itching of the fundament, occasioned perhaps by the discharge of a species of worm. At any rate, we have been well assured that this is a certain cure.

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.—It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid over-run her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at the first she runs hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she cometh to the mark or end of the race. Thus, none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and this is the cause that, in this poor country, the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

BLUE STOCKING.—The celebrated Mrs. Montague was in habits of friendship with the first wits and scholars of the age, and was the reputed founder of the society known by the name of the "Blue-Stocking Club." This association was formed on the liberal and meritorious principle of substituting the rational delights of conversation, for the absurd and vapid frivolities of the card-table. No particular attention was paid to her, but the conversation was general, cheerful, and unrestrained, far different from what is insinuated respecting the company, by a satirist; who accuses them of going—

"To barter praise for soup with Montague."

The name of this club is said to be derived from the following circumstances. One of the most distinguished characters in the early days of the society, was Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings; his conversation was distinguished for brilliancy and vivacity, inasmuch, that when, in his absence, the stock of general amusement appeared deficient, it was the common exclamation, "we can do nothing without the blue stockings." And thus was the appellation acquired, which is now become frequently in use for all learned and witty ladies.

DOCTOR'S FEES IN CALIFORNIA.—A letter from a young Jersey boy in California, written January 6, says:

"I worked about eleven days, averaging about \$104 per day: was then taken sick and had a very severe time of it. I received four visits from the nearest doctor, who was sixty miles off, and paid him to the tune of \$600—\$150 per visit—leaving me about sixty dollars in pocket, after paying for my provisions, which are high in proportion."

"TO ERR IS HUMAN."—A clergyman having indulged too freely in filling up his glass, went one Sabbath into the pulpit and having given out a hymn to his congregation, set down; the melody of the sacred song soon lulled him to sleep, and he continued for some time to play a terrible bass symphony with his nose. At length one of the deacons ascended to the sacred desk, and told him the hymn was out.

"Well," said he, "fill it up again."

From the Richmond Enquirer.

DEATH OF BOTTS.

After John M. Botts had sworn to "head Gen. Taylor or die," and yet refused to give up the ghost—after this failure of his, we suspected that his constituents would soon do the work which he refused himself to execute. His political demise was accordingly accomplished in the Richmond Congressional District (after the protracted agonies of three days' election) on Saturday last. His last will and testament was read for the benefit of his heirs some seven months ago in the City of New York, in a "go-ahead" lightning communication. A Codicil, subsequently in the form of a series of resolutions, upon the war with Mexico, was sent to his constituents about a year after peace with that nation had been ratified, with a recommendation of the impeachment of James K. Polk in the House of Representatives. Poor Botts! he died of a most malignant distemper. Seddon goes again from the sixth District in Virginia to Washington to speak his eulogy.—Alas! for the immortal Botts and his unhappy followers, disconsolate and ruined souls they are.

HENRICO.

Editors throughout the nation are requested to publish this melancholy but important intelligence.

Why is a chicken pie like a gunsmith's shop? Because it contains fowl-in-pieces.

"It is very curious," said an old gentleman a few days since to his friend, "that a watch should be perfectly dry, when it has a running spring inside."

Isn't it rather an odd fact in natural history that the softest water is caught when it rains the hardest.

"You can't do that again," as the pig said to the boy that cut his tail off.

RECIPE for Preventing the Frost injuring Peach Trees during the time of Blossoming.—Take a hoopole and set it alongside of the peach tree, five or six inches above the highest branch, make a straw rope an inch and a half thick, tie it to the top of the pole, then let it descend to the ground outside of the branches, and immerse the lower end into a large tub of water at the foot of the tree.

It is said an editor in the South has purchased a race horse, at an expense of \$2,000, for the purpose of catching his runaway subscribers.

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PERSPECTIVE OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME.

The Twenty-fourth Volume of the Democratic Review proceeds to its readers under different auspices from those which have smiled upon its progress hitherto. New arrangements have become necessary, internally, as well as renewed exertions to promote its welfare externally. The unfortunate divisions of the party have resulted in a reverse more severe than any that has been experienced for many terms. The outgoing administration leaves the country in every position—politically, territorially, commercially and financially, more renowned, more extended, more prosperous, and in higher credit than it had ever before attained.—The prosperity which pervades the country, and the glory that surrounds its flag, are mainly, if not entirely, due to those sound principles clearly recognised by an American public, and carried to their fulfilment through the steady loyalty of the Democratic Party.

That schisms have been created by designing men, as dangerous to party ascendancy as to national welfare, affords additional reasons for more rigorous exertions, the cultivation of a spirit of forbearance, and that self sacrificing patriotism which has for so long a period been a distinguishing feature of democracy.—For whatever of evil may spring from federal ascendancy, those who defeated the democratic party by heartless desertion in its hour of trial must be held accountable; and we doubt not that November, 1852, will witness a retribution that will be more terrible to false friends than to open foes.

The accustomed features of the Review will be continued, including *Portraits and Biographies of distinguished Democrats*—men whose patriotic principles and steadiness of purpose have won the confidence of the people.

We have to remind our readers that the low terms on which we furnish the Review makes it indispensable that the payment of the subscriptions should be in ADVANCE; and that the expenditure incurred to improve the work can be met only by the prompt remittance of subscriptions.

N. B.—All communications will hereafter be addressed to the Editor, office of the Democratic Review, 170 Broadway, New York.

THOS. PRENTICE KETTEL.